FAST LANE

DOOMSDAY NO-PREP
NO PREP. NO EXCUSES. ONLY SURVIVAL

LAINEY ABNEY
NO FEAR, JUST FUEL

KAITLYN WARD
A WOMAN WHO DOES IT ALL AT THE TRACK

TONY COLEMAN
THE STREET TO THE STRIP

ALAN BRADSHAW
DECADES IN THE MAKING: ALAN BRADSHAW'S JOURNEY

FAST LANE COLLECTIVE AUGUST 2025

FAST LANE COLLECTIVE

PHOTOGRAPHY

KAITLYN WARD 18

TUNERS

ALAN BRADSHAW 04

RACERS

BOBBY KRUCK 14

TONY COLEMAN 22

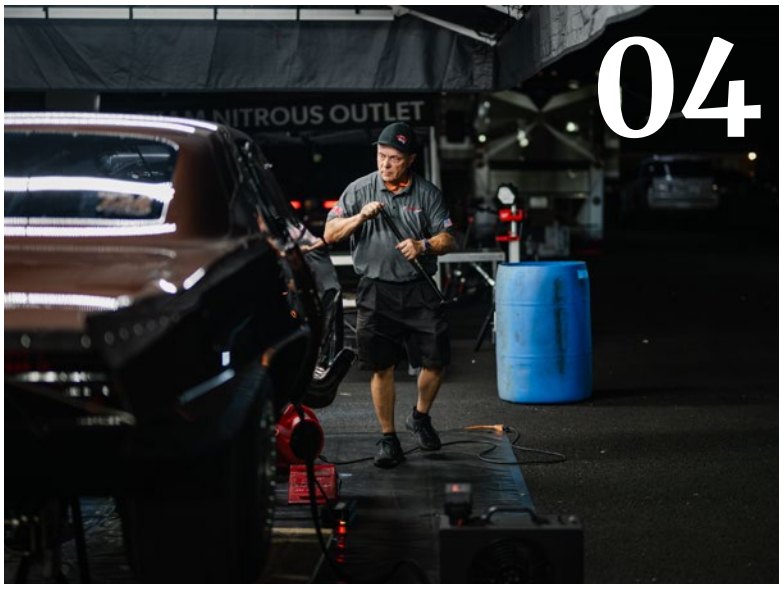
LAINEY ABNEY 30

RACE NEWS

RADIAL GANGSTERS PARADISE 14

DOOMSDAY PREP 36

BIG JAKES SOUTHERN N/T 62



FROM OUR EDITOR

This issue is proof that racing stories don't all look the same and that's exactly what makes them powerful.

Lainey Abney shows us what it means to step into the lanes with fire in your chest and something to prove. Tony Coleman reminds us that racing isn't just about the pass, but about the people and the culture built around it. Kaitlyn Ward has taken her passion from the pits to building and racing her own machine, living out the belief that if you want a place in this sport, you create it.

Barrett Green and Michael Hollis carry stories that remind us how deeply racing is woven into family, sacrifice, and grit. Alan Bradshaw's decades-long pursuit of speed and perseverance proves that dreams don't expire, they just wait for the right time to light. And Bobby Kruck shows us the heart of the community, the kind of presence that keeps the sport alive for the next generation.

At Fast Lane Collective, we don't just celebrate the wins at the stripe. We celebrate the lives, the late nights in the garage, the long hauls down the highway, the risks and the resilience. Every racer, every builder, every promoter, every dreamer adds another chapter to this culture.

This month, we invite you to sit with these stories. To recognize yourself in them. To see that racing isn't one-size-fits-all... it's an ecosystem of passion, perseverance, and people. And together, those people are what make The Fast Lane feel like home.

Milissa Martini, The Fast Lane Collective

A
B

LAN
BRADSHAW

FROM THE MOMENT

Alan Bradshaw took his first breath, the scent of racing fuel was never far behind.

His story doesn't begin with a race car of his own but rather with the creak of wooden trophies proudly lined up by his father, Buddy Bradshaw, who raced B Stock Automatic in the mid-1950s before progressing to AHRA Pro Stock in the early '70s.

Those early days, full of grit and unpolished horsepower, laid the foundation for a life that would revolve around the dragstrip.

Alan remembers those beginnings vividly, especially a photo still hanging in his shop: a four-year-old version of himself squatting next to a race car, surrounded by hundreds of his father's trophies. Many of those same wooden trophies now sit in a trophy case just a few feet away, their faded finish carrying the weight of history. That image is more than nostalgia; it's a map of the road he was born to follow.

And sometimes... that road was on fire, literally.

"Back in the '60s and '70s, guys like Big Daddy Don Garlits and TV Tommy Ivo were doing fire burnouts on purpose," Alan laughs. "My dad saw it firsthand, and he brought that wild magic home in the only way he knew how. When I was just three or four years old, he would spray Berryman B12 on the back of my tricycle tires and light it up so I could do my own fire burnouts."

FUELCURVE.COM

By the time Alan was 14, he was making passes at Penwell Raceway, racing his dad's tow truck in the street class. No junior dragsters back then, just 20-second quarter miles and a dream. At 15, he

graduated to a souped-up Z28 streetcar and was already running in the 13s. Later that same year, he moved into a 9.90 Super Gas Vega, which he campaigned both locally and in NHRA events through the mid-1980s.

One day, when a tech official at the gate asked for his driver's license, Alan handed over his hardship permit. She looked it over and said, "Wait... this is just a learner's permit." Alan shrugged. "Is that a problem?" Then came the real surprise, "What about last year?" she asked. That's when it hit her, he'd been racing before he even had that. But back then, nobody made a fuss. Racing was in his blood, and everyone could see it.

Alan never knew his father as a full-time racer. For Buddy Bradshaw, drag racing was a passion, woven deep into his identity, but it was always something that lived alongside work and life, never in place of it. He raced hard and won often, but when the sun came up, he still clocked into a job. Maybe that's why, when Alan began taking racing seriously, his dad didn't rush to fund the dream. Instead, he told him plain and simple: if he wanted to race, he needed an education first.

Alan can still remember bristling at the idea. In his mind, he didn't need school, he could drive a race car, and that was enough. But Buddy saw it differently. Racing was expensive, unpredictable, and no one was going to hand his son a professional seat just because he was fast. He wanted Alan to have something solid to stand on, a career that could bankroll the sport he loved. It wasn't what Alan wanted to hear, but it was the truth. So, like any determined kid with a dream too big to walk away from, he made a choice. If racing was the goal, then making money had to be the means. "I figured I needed to be a doctor, a lawyer, or a stockbroker," he says now with a laugh. "We sorted through all the options, and chiropractic school was the one that stuck."

In 1992, while attending chiropractic college over 350 miles away from home, Alan was competing in Super Pro with an 8.40 dragster and won the championship. "Let's become a doctor while winning a championship," he jokes. But it was no joke, it was relentless commitment. That same year, he graduated with a degree of Chiropractic and opened a private practice that ran for 23 years, a career that would help fund his passion and his addiction for fast cars.

"Truthfully? It was the only reason I went to work five days a week. If I didn't need the money to race, I wouldn't have done anything else." Still, he never lost sight of why it mattered. Alan says he's had more than a few moments in his office where a patient, often a teenager, would sit across from him, and the conversation would drift to the future. "I'd ask, 'So, what are you going to do when you graduate?' and they'd shrug and say, 'I don't know.' I'd tell them, 'Well, you need to have some idea of what you want in life.' And when they'd say again, 'I don't know,' I'd give them the same advice I wish more people heard early on. If you do know what you want, like I knew I wanted to race cars, don't wander all over the

world trying to get there. Jump in headfirst, and keep steering yourself toward the places, people, and processes that will move you closer to that goal."

He pauses for a moment when he talks about it. There's no bitterness in his voice, just reflection. "And, you know, honestly, I think I went about it in an educated way, but realistically, I should have packed my bags, moved to Indy, and started working for JFR or Schumacher or people like that, just started pushing my way through the process to stay in alignment," Alan says. "But instead, I went into health care, then oil and gas, doing quality management. That was the wide circle around the back of the building. I'd been trying to get to a professional racing career, but I just did what I had to do to get there. It is what it is."

In 1993, he stepped into NHRA Top Alcohol Dragster. Nearly a decade later, in 2002, Alan claimed the Top Alcohol Dragster Division 5 championship, and in 2003 he and Randy Meyer Racing captured the NHRA Top Alcohol Dragster World Championship. That run kicked open the door to Top Fuel. With support from Virgil Hartman and Bodie Smith, he earned his Top Fuel license, an opening that led to a seat with Bill Miller Engineering for the 2006–2007 seasons. "Bill Miller gave me a shot nobody else would," Alan says. "I'll always be thankful for the opportunity to play in a world I couldn't afford."

By 2012, Alan had added another chapter to his driving career, piloting a Top Alcohol Injected Nitro Dragster for Doug Doucette Racing out of Winnipeg, Manitoba. The partnership kept him in the driver's seat for years, even as his professional life began to shift. In 2015, he retired from chiropractic care to focus more fully on racing, taking on roles in

PHOTO CREDIT BRADIE CRAIG

quality management and oil & gas consulting, each one funding the next race, the next build, the next opportunity. The balance between work and racing was nothing new to Alan, but this season of life gave him the freedom to lean even further into the competitive side of the sport. And allowed him to pursue one of the wildest rides of his career.

He built his own Top Alcohol Funny Car and entered it in the Funny Car Chaos series from 2022 to 2024. In just his third race, he earned a runner-up finish.

"You're not just riding in it, you're wearing it," he says. "You've got moving parts under your legs, under your seat, and in front of your face. The body comes down, and you realize you've strapped on to a beast.

It's like what I did in the alcohol dragster ranks, but in a funny car you're getting a whole different bird's-eye view looking at all that machinery between your legs and in front of you. It's a wild ride compared to the dragsters."" He says, "It was a bucket list deal. We were reasonably successful, but the truth is, the budget just wasn't there. And when you don't have that kind of funding, you've got to pivot."

Alan made the hard call to sell the funny car and pursue some tuning opportunities.

When asked if he ever misses driving, Alan shakes his head. "I can't say that I miss it, I'm still doing it," he says.

He's still active in the alcohol ranks, having spent years driving for Doug Doucette Racing out of Winnipeg, Manitoba, in an NHRA Top Alcohol Injected Nitro Dragster. About a year ago, he stepped away from that ride to focus on more racing opportunities closer to home and expand his tuning work. A friend had been filling the seat since then, but when that driver couldn't make a recent race, Doug picked up the phone. "He said, 'Hey driver, you want to fill in for your fill-in driver who took your place?' I said, sure."

In May, Alan suited up at the Texas Motorplex and drove the car to a semifinal finish. The car ran strong, the weekend was a success, and most of all, it gave him a chance to reconnect with his "Canadian family." He's far from done with driving, if the opportunity came up, he'd build a Pro Mod tomorrow and go racing. "But Pro Mods cost about as much as anything in the alcohol ranks, maybe more," he says. "Not quite as brutal as nitro racing in the pro league, but it all costs money. I've always had the passion, the commitment, the talent, and the drive to get it done but like

anything in life, it comes down to budget. That's probably been my toughest challenge across my racing career, supporting the budgets it takes to run these kinds of cars."

When the conversation turned back to his tuning career, Alan lit up. These days, much of his work is with Stevie "Fast" Jackson and the KTR Racing crew out of Thomson, Georgia. "At this point I'm doing car chief work, earning my stripes so I can move further into tuning," he says. One of his current projects is a Chevelle, once owned by Sidnei Frigo, now part of the Los Hermanos Racing Team out of Brazil, owned and driven by Chris Julio. "I'm car chiefing that car," Alan explains. He's also working with Michael Hawes Racing on the "LV" X275 No-Time Camaro, a screw-blown Hemi build out of KTR.

"I mean, that's a huge opportunity for me to learn a lot more, especially in the world of the Pro Mod cars," he says. "I bring a lot to the table from my general Top Alcohol racing experience, but Stevie and his team have opened the door for me to grow in ways I couldn't have on my own. I've been independent and self-employed from day one, a do-it-yourself kind of guy, but the older I get, the more I realize there's strength in numbers and so much value in learning from people at the top of their game. I'm enjoying where I'm at right now and the direction things are going, and I just want to keep building on that."

In fact, the day after our conversation, Alan was set to fly to Brazil to race with Los Hermanos on behalf of KTR. "Someday we're going to wake up old or dead or both," he adds with a grin. "*So, I'm going to get all the punches in while I can and fulfill everything I want to in racing*"

Even as Alan pours himself into the teams and cars that keep his days full and his mind sharp, he's already laying the groundwork for something new. Tucked away in the shop is a Top Alcohol Dragster he's quietly building for a close friend. It's a serious machine, built for the NHRA circuit, and while he's not dropping names just yet, more out of respect than secrecy, it's clear this isn't some half-hearted side project. This is top-shelf work. "Our goal this year is to get him licensed and get him some seat time," Alan says, carefully measuring his words. "But before that happens, I'm going to drive it myself, just to shake it down, sort out the systems, make sure it's dialed."

It's not about ego, it's about responsibility. "It's a lot easier to put somebody with seat time into one of these cars to start the process," he explains. "You don't just throw a brand-new guy into the pack of wolves." The point is serious. In racing, what you don't know can hurt you and the person in the other

lane. Alan's taking that burden on himself, making sure that when the handoff comes, it's done right. The plan is for the car to run a strong slate of NHRA national events in 2026. They're not chasing a championship, at least not yet, but they intend to hit the circuit hard.

"We've already got races lined up," Alan says. "We're going to go out, show up right, and see where it takes us."

You'd think, after decades behind the wheel, building cars from the ground up, and racing all over the world, that Alan Bradshaw might feel like he's done enough; that maybe the itch had been scratched. But if you ask him, that couldn't be further from the truth. "I've been really fortunate," he says, voice low and steady. "A lot of people have helped me along the way. I've accomplished more than I ever thought I would when I was just a kid running a tow truck down the strip. But if I'm being honest... I don't think it's ever over. Not for guys like me."

That restlessness, that refusal to settle, isn't born from discontent. It's born from purpose. There's always one more goal, one more class, one more pass to make before the chapter closes.

"Do I want to drive a Pro Mod? Absolutely. Would I get in a Nitro Funny Car? In a heartbeat. A Fuel Altered? Sure. A Jet Car? Man, I'd love to go down the track just doing burner pops. I don't even care how fast they go. I just want the fire, the smoke, the noise." He chuckles at the thought, but his eyes say he means it. It's not about crossing items off a checklist, it's about staying in the fight.

"Can a man ever check off everything on his racing bucket list? I don't know. But I'll tell you this, I'm gonna keep beating the drum until the drum don't make sound."

That kind of clarity doesn't come from hype. It comes from hard-earned wisdom. So, when a young racer comes up to Alan in the pits, wide-eyed, unsure, dreaming, he doesn't hand them a sugarcoated pep talk. He tells them the truth.

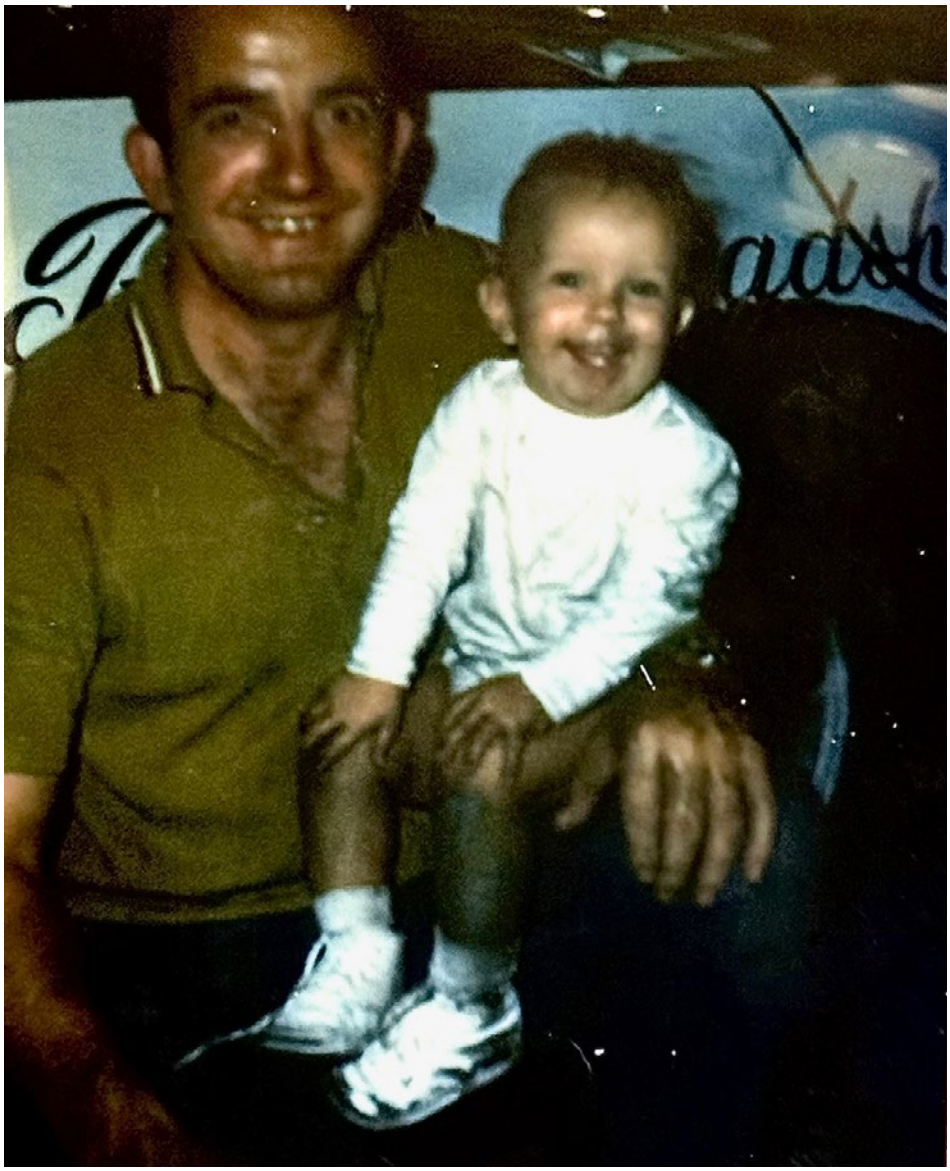
"Follow your heart. Do it for you. Not for your dad. Not for your friends. Not for the internet. If you don't chase your own dream, you'll

wake up a sad old man one day, wondering why."

It's the kind of advice that sticks, not because it's loud, but because it's real.

When it comes to legacy, Alan doesn't hesitate. "*I hope they say I was a fierce competitor with a good heart. A man of commitment and character. I want to be the best version of myself, in racing, in family, in everything.*"

And he makes sure to give thanks. "First and foremost, the good Lord. If it wasn't for Him, none of us would be here." To his father, Buddy Bradshaw: "He instilled the work ethic, the dedication, the values." To Bill Miller: "He opened a door when no one else would." And to every friend, tuner, sponsor, and racer who's crossed paths with him: "You're part of the journey."



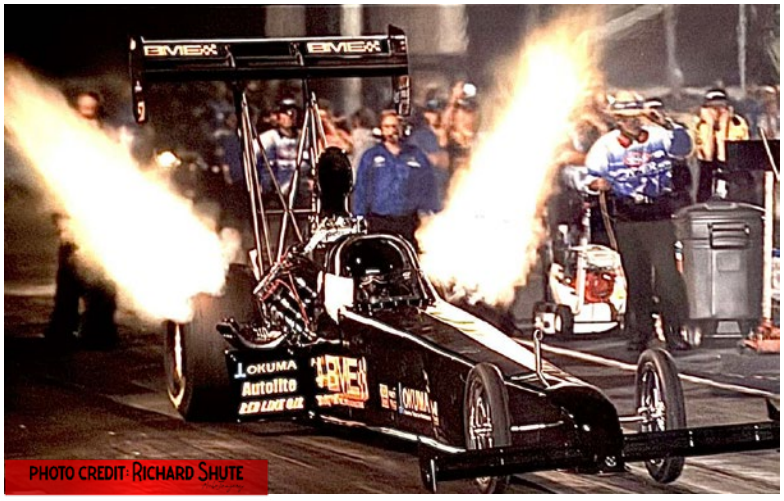


PHOTO CREDIT: RICHARD SHUTE

Because for him, racing has never been just about engines and ETs. It's about effort. Integrity. Becoming the best version of yourself on the track, in the garage, and at home. "Whether it's racing, family, or anything else," he says, "I just want to be the best I can be. Not perfect. Not untouchable. Just the kind of man who shows up, gives everything, and lives the life he was born for.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Alan's path has been anything but easy, but that's what makes it remarkable. He has carried the lessons of persistence and faith into every stage of his life. His story reminds us that passion isn't just about chasing a checkered flag, it's about resilience, about the willingness to keep going when the odds are against you, about knowing that sometimes the slow climb matters just as much as the big win.

When you sit down with Alan, you hear more than stories about racecars. You hear stories about family. About dreams that don't fade. About the grind it takes to make something out of nothing. And you realize that, at its core, this isn't only the story of a racer, it's the story of a man who refused to give up.

This feature isn't meant to simply chronicle Alan's career; it's meant to honor the spirit behind it. The fire. The faith. The unshakable determination that has carried him from his father's shadow to the frontlines of the racing world, and now into a season where his story is as much about giving back as it is about going fast.

Alan Bradshaw's journey is proof that racing isn't lived in highlight reels or winner's circles alone. It's lived in the hours no one sees, the setbacks that teach you more than success ever could, and the unrelenting hope that tomorrow is another chance to get back behind the wheel.

And that's why his story belongs here. Because at The Fast Lane Collective, we believe racing stories aren't just about cars, they're about people. And few embody the meaning of perseverance, passion, and faith quite like Alan Bradshaw.

Milissa Martini, The Fast Lane Collective

Back in 2017

AB Performance Parts wasn't born out of some polished business plan. It came out of sheer necessity.

Alan Bradshaw laughs when he thinks about it now: "I was always selling off parts as I moved through different classes and cars. One day I looked around and realized I had piles of stuff that needed a new home and, honestly, I could always use the extra cash for my next big idea."

That small hustle turned into something bigger. Alan started helping other racers move their parts too... the guys who didn't have time to market them or simply didn't know how.

"I found out I had a knack for it," Alan says. "It's a niche a lot of racers don't want to mess with, but for me it just clicked."

And with that, **AB Performance Parts** officially found its footing in ***Odessa, Texas***.

If you're on Facebook and spend any time in racing forums, you already know the name. Alan's the go-to guy people tag when someone's hunting for that hard to find part. His reputation isn't just about having the right stuff though, it's about how he treats people.

"I take personal satisfaction in seeing racers being able to buy good parts at a fair price. And I'm very proud to say that 99.9% of the time everybody says they're very pleased with what I've sold them and I've definitely over delivered and undersold. And that makes me proud to know that I've done a good job. That's just the way my dad raised me and I'll never stray from that!"

For racers, by a racer...that's AB Performance Parts in a nutshell.

RADIAL GANGSTERS PARADISE HOSTED BY BOBBY KRUCK

If you've ever been down in Little Rock or made laps through Prescott Raceway, the name Bobby Kruck probably rings a bell.

Maybe you knew him back in the day as Shark. Or maybe you know him now by the name of his new car: Crackhead. Either way, Bobby's been a fixture in the world of drag racing since the early '90s and he shows no signs of slowing down.

"I'm 47 now, but I started racing when I was about 16," Bobby says, thinking back. "I had this old '81 Z28 with a small block Chevy in it. We used to run at Prescott all the time."

He didn't come from a big racing family. There was no garage dynasty or multi-car setup waiting on him. Just curiosity and a sister's boyfriend who dragged him out to the track one day and unknowingly set everything in motion.

"It was just me for several years. My brother came around later, and now he's got a bunch of cars too but I was the one who got it all going."

There wasn't some lightning-bolt realization that this would be Bobby's life. It just was.

"I started dating Stacy in '96, got married in '99, and even then I had a race car. I don't really do anything else. Never have. It's just always been racing. It's just part of who we are."

@milissamartini

Nowadays, Bobby isn't the only Kruck keeping the lanes hot. His sons, Ty and Chevy, have both stepped into the spotlight.

"They've kind of taken it over now. I still drive my car, but honestly, I get more enjoyment out of helping them. I just like the excitement of it all. Man, the very first weekend out in the big cars, Ty went 5.62. That was crazy. I built that car myself." But speed wasn't the tricky part, it was burnouts. "Oh yeah," Bobby laughs. "The burnouts were the biggest thing for both of them. I had to really work with 'em on that."

He explains it with a mechanic's love for detail. "A lot of the cars have a line lock. So you let off the brakes and the line lock holds the front tires. Then you just hit the gas and the back tires spin while the fronts stay locked. It looks easy, but it ain't always natural at first."

Whether it's his boys burning rubber or him lining up beside them, the Kruck crew is in it together. For Bobby, this isn't a hobby. It's heritage. Bobby's not in it for the clout. He's here for the competition and the heart it takes to hang in. In 2024, that heart got rewarded in a big way at March Mania with a double win over Black Gold.

"That was probably the biggest win we've ever had," Bobby says. "It was a lot of money on the line, and honestly, we didn't have any to spare. We had just enough to put in, but for the kind of money we were running for it was a huge deal."

Friday night? Win. Saturday? Win again.

"We really didn't have any business running with that crowd," he admits. "But we did. And we pulled it off. Twice."

That weekend changed everything. It reminded Bobby of what was possible. And it pushed him toward a new lane entirely: race promotion.

Living in Little Rock, Bobby saw the lack of local opportunity first hand. "There's just not much going on around here," he says. "That's why we're always traveling out of town to race. But there's plenty of cars here, fast ones. And people are hungry for it. They just don't have anywhere to race."

So he created something new: Radial Gangsters Paradise: Unfinished Business, coming September 26–27 to Prescott Raceway. Classes will include 5.30, 5.70, small

tire, outlaw bikes, daily driver, and even a junior mean street class for those in the 6.20-6.50 range.

"I wanted to make sure we had something for those in-between cars, ones that weren't quite fast enough for 5.30 but didn't want to run the slower classes either."

With 100% payback and money added, Bobby is setting a new standard for small-town payouts. "You win a race and walk away with $400, that doesn't even touch your expenses," he says. "We're doing it different."

Promoting ain't easy. Bobby will be the first to tell you. "Man, it's a lot of work," he sighs. "I gotta give credit to the people who've been doing this a while because I didn't realize how much went into it." From fielding hundreds of texts to chasing sponsorships, managing payouts, printing T-shirts, and renting porta-potties, Bobby wears just about every hat. "You try to put all the info online, and people still message you asking the same questions," he laughs. "It's nonstop. You really don't know until you're the one in charge of making it all happen. I didn't. But I do now." He hopes racers leave his events with not just memories but respect.

After all the years, the wins, the burnout smoke, and the sleepless race nights, what keeps Bobby coming back?

"Just meeting so many new friends," he says. "You meet folks at the dragstrip and they end up like family. That's what I enjoy the most, just being around everybody."

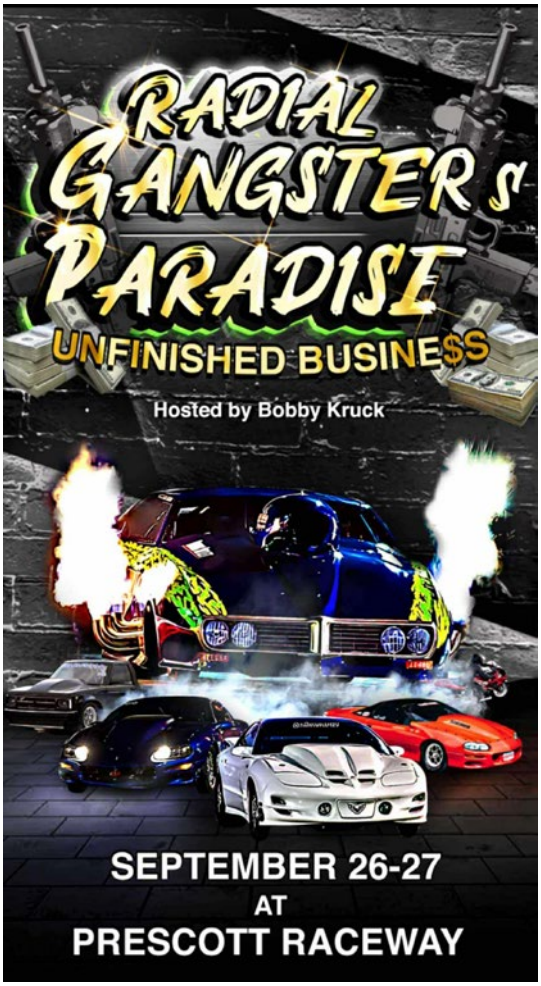
He pauses. Then adds, "Even you Milissa, every time I see you, you come up and give me a hug. That means something. It really does."

To Bobby, the track isn't just a strip of asphalt. It's where his kids grew up. Where friendships were born. Where legacy is built one burnout at a time. And the high? "It's the adrenaline," he says. "That win light comes on—especially when it's one of my kids—and I go crazy. It's raw emotion. I've never done drugs or anything like that, but drag racing? That's my high."

When he's not in the lanes or setting up events, Bobby's selling tools from his truck in Little Rock, 21 years strong. "I love my job," he says. "Harry Crane's been the best boss." Make sure to reach out to Bobby if you are in need of any tools in the area.

And as for who he'd like to thank?
"My wife, Stacy, she's been there since the beginning. My boys. Harry. And everyone who shows up, supports, races, sponsors...this wouldn't happen without them."

So if you're ever in Arkansas, and you hear the burnout box screaming... chances are Bobby Kruck had something to do with it. Catch Bobby's upcoming race: Radial Gangsters Paradise: Unfinished Business — Sept 26–27 at Prescott Raceway. Be there.



BUILT NOT BOUGHT THE RISE OF KAITLYN WARD

She didn't have a lifelong dream of motorsports or a master plan to chase down race cars with a lens. But life has a funny way of lighting a fire where you least expect it.

And something was clicking... something deeper than just the shutter.

Her first race was a bold one, a high-stakes $100K shootout. But getting into future events? That took more than just guts.

"At first, I had help," Kaitlyn says, "A friend who taught me basic camera settings also happened to run a lot of the early events I went to. He vouched for me. But eventually, I had to stand on my own name."

That meant learning how to ask for media credentials, how to talk to promoters, and how to frame her work as not just hobby photography but professional, story-driven coverage.

"You have to approach it like it's a job. Because it is. You're not just showing up to snap a few cool shots for Instagram. You're there to capture a vibe, tell a story, and help promoters bring people back for the next one."

One of the biggest turning points came in November 2021 at the $250,000 "Grand Hustle" race in Crossville. She didn't send in a media kit, she just messaged BJ "Da Flag Man" and asked for a chance. He replied: "I got you."

"That race changed everything," she says. "It was people from all over the country, and when they started sharing my album , that's when people started knowing my name."

By 2023, she was at Lights Out 14, her first up-close experience with radial racing. And it made an impression that stuck.
"I got a real taste of radial and after that, I couldn't go back. Seeing cars go 250+ mph, perfectly built machines, everything on the edge... it just ruined no prep for me," she laughs. "Once you've seen that kind of action, it's hard to get excited about anything less."

NHRA U.S. NATIONALS

Still, the biggest break of her career came in August 2024 at the NHRA U.S. Nationals at Lucas Oil Raceway, where she worked with Strange Engineering.
"It was my first national event, my first time seeing Top Fuel cars in person, my first 300 mph pass and my first time working directly for a company at a race. Getting into the NHRA world changed the game entirely."

With more visibility came more clarity about what she wanted to shoot and what she didn't.

Since her early days shooting on full auto with a hand-me-down Nikon, Kaitlyn has evolved into a creative force who treats each event like an opportunity to experiment and grow.

She currently shoots with a Nikon Z6II mirrorless camera. "I've stuck with it for the last three years," she says. "Sometimes I'll see a Canon or Sony shooter's colors and be like, damn, my camera doesn't do that. But I love what I shoot with and honestly, gear ain't everything."

Her style is defined not just by the moment but by the eye behind it.

"I'll shoot through a bleacher railing. I'll crawl under something. I'll frame a burnout through the glow of a sunset. That's the difference between taking a picture and making one."
Her advice? "Get weird with it. Miss a shot on purpose if it means you're trying something new. That's how you grow."

"I don't even have a website," she

admits with a laugh. “I hardly post on Instagram. Most of my work just lives on Facebook under KW Photography.”

But that didn’t stop the industry from taking notice. In 2024, she landed a freelance role with Dragzine—and earned a coveted spot on Drag Illustrated’s prestigious “30 Under 30” list.

“It didn’t even feel real,” she says. “I kept thinking, There are so many people more deserving than me. But they told me, ‘You work hard. People see that. You earned this.’”

BUILT NOT BOUGHT

These days, Kaitlyn’s not just behind the camera. She’s building her own car, a Pontiac G8 she bought from her fiancé, Clint.
She sold her BMW, bought the G8, and began learning everything under the hood.

“Clint’s teaching me how to build it from the ground up. We went through the top end doing a DOD delete, cam swap and converter and are slowly going through everything.”

The only thing Clint did was pull the spark plugs, because I was about to quit,” she laughs.
“I want to give a HUGE thanks to my fiancé Clint for always supporting me, teaching me new things, and helping to push me to be the best version of myself. And that reflects in my car, this new avenue, and my photography.”
She doesn’t just build cars or pages, she builds people up.

One of her biggest inspirations is Payton Brown “Racin Payton”, her best friend and fellow builder. “She’s 80% of the reason I decided to get a car and start content creation.”
She also draws inspiration from Krista Zivic, whose journey mirrors her own and who was also named to the Drag Illustrated “30 Under 30” list. And of course, there’s the legendary John Fore, a photographer whose work has set the standard for generations.

“There’s so many people in this scene who act like they’re the best and everyone else sucks. But I don’t want to be like that. I want to build people up.”
Kaitlyn’s parting wisdom to new photographers?

“Be respectful. Be friendly. And remember, nobody owes you anything, but kindness goes a long way.”

She adds for those who don’t know:
“I don’t walk into your job, ask for an oil change, and drive off without paying. So don’t do that to mine. This is how I make a living.”

She believes respect should be given upfront.
“It should be the default. Given until it’s not deserved.”

Support her work by liking, tagging, and sharing just don’t crop the watermark.

Because in this world behind the lens, under the hood, and everywhere in between, Kaitlyn Ward is showing us all what it means to earn your place.

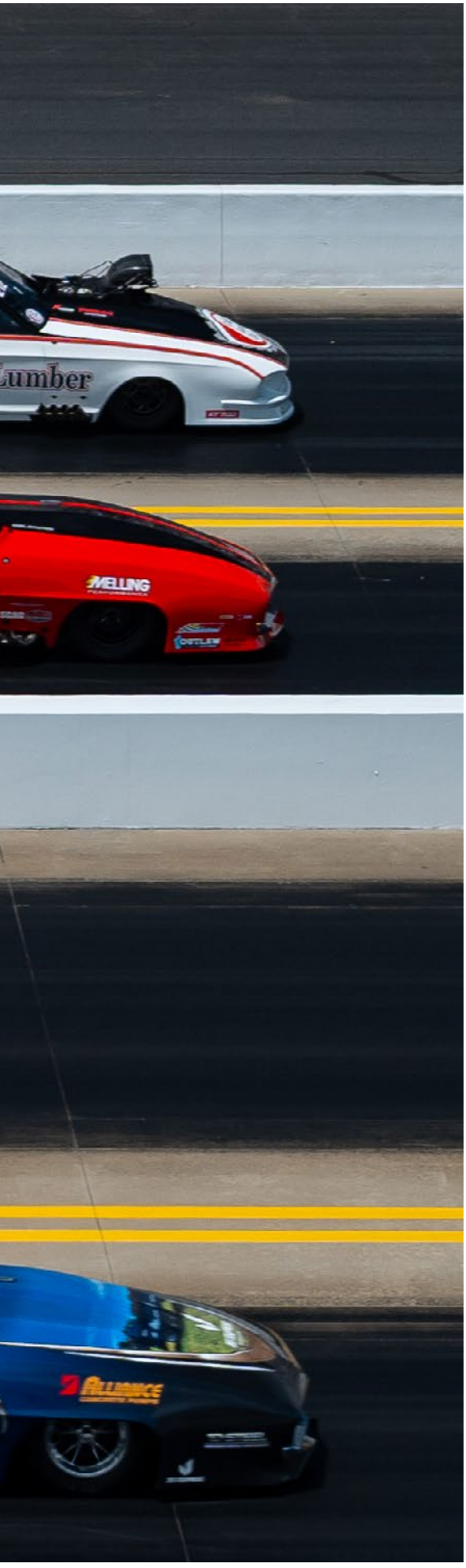
“I WANT TO GIVE A HUGE THANKS TO MY FIANCE CLINT FOR ALWAYS SUPPORTING ME, TEACHING ME NEW THINGS AND HELPING TO PUSH ME TO BE THE BEST VERSION OF MYSELF”

EDITOR’S NOTE:

Kaitlyn Ward didn’t set out chasing a spotlight. There was no lifelong dream of racing or photography, just a moment, a borrowed camera, and the kind of quiet curiosity that turns into something bigger when you give it time. She showed up humbly, asked questions, learned as she went, and found her way into a world that isn’t always easy to break into.

What makes her story special isn’t just the photos-it’s the heart behind them. The way she sees the soul of a race day, not just the speed. The way she supports the people around her while building something of her own. Kaitlyn’s journey reminds us that passion, kindness, and a little courage can take you further than credentials ever could.

PHOTO CREDIT: KAITLYN WARD



AD SPACE AVAILABLE

AD SPACE AVAILABLE

AD SPACE AVAILABLE

TONY COLEMAN

FROM THE STREETS TO THE STRIP AND BACK AGAIN

PARK
ER'S CIRCLE
PRE-STAGE
STAGE

FROM THE STREETS TO THE STRIP

IN A SPORT FULL OF BIG-MONEY SPONSORS AND INTERNET FAME, TONY IS PROOF THAT THE REAL ONES DON'T NEED TO SHOUT. THEY JUST SHOW UP. THEY GET DOWN. AND THEY MAKE SURE YOU REMEMBER THE NAME.

Before Tony Coleman ever built an engine, staged a race, or rolled a grudge car off the trailer for a five-figure pot, he was just an 11-year-old kid stepping into a world that felt completely foreign. In 1978, his family packed up and left Shreveport, Louisiana, bound for Dallas, Texas. The move should have been exciting, new places, new opportunities, but for Tony, it was pure culture shock. "I was horrified," he says. "I didn't know what I was walking into."

Dallas was louder than Shreveport. Bigger. Faster. The city smelled like hot pavement and exhaust, and the schoolyards carried a different kind of energy, more tense, more unpredictable. The Dallas public schools had a tradition he had never seen back home, something the kid's called initiation. It wasn't sanctioned, but it was expected: a rough and sometimes rowdy "welcome" from the older kids to the new ones. A few shoves, some sharp words, maybe a little scrap in the hallway, it was all part of the deal. "I'd never seen anything like that," Tony says. "I didn't know any of the kids. I was brand new. I was terrified."

Somewhere in that mix of fear and confusion, Tony picked up a lesson that would follow him for the rest of his life. "I don't think bullying is good," he says carefully, "but back then, it was different. If it wasn't prolonged or cruel, it built character. It gave you grit. It made you tougher."

HE GREW UP IN A TIME BEFORE CELL PHONES AND SCREENS

He grew up in a time before cell phones and screens, when the outdoors was the only playground worth having. Summer days smelled like fresh-cut grass and dust from dirt lots, and the sharp clank of a bike chain skipping a gear was just background noise.

"We used to go outside and jump ditches on our bikes," he laughs. "We didn't think about how dangerous it was. We'd build ramps out of whatever we could find, launch over bodies, jump each other, whatever crazy idea popped into our heads." That reckless freedom planted the seeds of risk-taking. The same instinct that made him point his bicycle at a shaky plywood ramp without a second thought would one day make him fearless in the staging lanes.

Tony didn't come from a long line of racers. "My dad wasn't a racer. Nobody in my family was into the lanes," he says. But the spark caught anyway. It started with a simple family car, a Chevrolet Cavalier his dad bought without realizing it was destined to become a street racer. "He didn't know we'd end up racing that thing," Tony says, grinning. Not long after, Tony got his first job and bought a 1981 turbo Trans Am. The Cavalier went to his younger brother, and before long, the two of them were out chasing the sound of wide-open throttle wherever they could find it.

The addiction deepened the day fate handed Tony a wrecked Nissan Maxima and an insurance check. Instead of replacing the daily driver, he pointed his car toward a man selling a 1968 Camaro off the freeway. "I told him I'd be back Friday," Tony says. "I bought it and never looked back." It was beautiful from the start, steel and chrome with just

SECTION 8
TEXAS
4 EVER GRUDGE
SECTION 8
Shootout

the right stance, but beauty wasn't enough. Before long, it was fitted with a Morgan & Son Racing motor, thanks to a nudge from his friend Charles Allison. "I blame him for the money pit I got into," Tony says with a laugh that carries more nostalgia than regret.

His real schooling in racing came not from TV, but from people with oil-stained hands and decades in the game, Carl Simmons, Clifford Rogers, Robert McDonald. Clifford built the chassis for one of Tony's cars and, more importantly, taught him a lot about racing.

The sport he entered back then was a different beast. You needed money, aftermarket parts, and a machine shop just to get in the game. "Back then, you had to work for it," Tony says. "You needed aftermarket blocks, real heads... none of this YouTube tuning stuff." Today, things move differently. "Now you can hit the junkyard, grab an LS, drop in a cam, and call it a race car." Technology has stripped away some of the mystery. Back then, a car rolling in from Houston was an unknown until it hit the track. "Now there's an app on your phone that can scan a race video and break down your time slip. They know what you ran before you ever get to the track. Your car's got a name, a nickname, a Facebook page. If they could, they'd probably Google your VIN."

For Tony, grudge racing has always been the purest kind of gamble, just two cars, two drivers, and one green light. It's about belief. "Man, I'll line up against Clyde Scott in a promod," he says. "I still got a 50/50 shot. That's better than any other kind of gambling." In grudge, the air is thick with unspoken bets, the smell of race fuel, and the pulse of engines creeping toward the line. "A lot can go wrong, a red light, a bad

tire spin, a broken part, but that's what makes it exciting."

That same hunger eventually pushed him into promoting. In 2012, Tony and his longtime friend Lorenzo rolled out a Sunday event called Motor Madness, built around a 7.0 index class. You had to drive your car to the local shoe shop, cruise as a group to the track, make your passes, and drive it home. No trailers. No excuses. Just the sound of tires humming on asphalt and the clatter of tools in the pits. "The tracks put up $1,000," Tony remembers. "We had 24 cars come out."

From there, the events grew, Kennedale, Yellow Belly, Redline Raceway. Then came the 5.0 Callout Shootout, a 28-inch tire shootout where racers pointed across the lanes and called out exactly who they wanted each round. Eventually, he brought it to Xtreme Raceway Park in Ferris, Texas, where the buzz was loud enough to turn heads across the state. But the business side of racing has its own bumps. "The hardest part is dealing with people," Tony says. "Everybody wants attention. Some folks stir up controversy just to be seen." His advice: "Have your pot money ready before the race. Don't rely on the gate. And get racers and fans to help push it online, it goes way further than just you posting."

While many racers outsource the hard work, Tony's always kept his builds in-house. He

learned engine building the hard way, by blowing up a few and deciding he'd better figure it out himself. Hours in the garage, the smell of oil and fresh gaskets, the sound of torque wrenches clicking into place, it became second nature. "I studied, researched, practiced until I could do it all in-house," he says. But you won't see him waving a banner for an engine shop. "I'm humble. I let the car talk at the track."

These days, he splits his time between the track and his four-year-old daughter. "She's everything," he says. "That's why I don't race like I used to. After my wreck in 2015, I pulled back. Now I build cars for select people and spend time with her." Still, when he does hit the lanes, he's rarely alone. Friends like Lorenzo and Harold McKinney help with sponsorships, while Cornbread, Brian Jackson, and others lend a hand when a race weekend turns into a round-the-clock project. "It's hard out here," Tony says. "Nitrous is ten dollars a pound. Fuel's twenty-five a gallon. One pass can cost you a hundred bucks. And towing? Man, I had two blowouts on the way to Arkansas. It adds up."

Once, he would line up against anyone at any time, no questions asked. Now, he's more calculated. Recently, a lighter car called him out but wouldn't agree to a fair spot until two in the morning. "They offered the back tire," Tony says, "but it was too late. I was already about to make another pass. If you wait too long, the deal's off." Even with the strategy and the patience that comes with experience, the thrill hasn't gone anywhere. "There's something electric about being out there," he says. "The track feels like home."

One track in particular, Xtreme Raceway Park, holds his loyalty.

“They take care of us,” he says. “Full bar. Cool bathrooms in the summer. Showers, too. Who does that?” He’s watched it grow, more concrete, more parking, without losing that family feel. “They’re doing it right. It still feels local. Still feels like family.”

Racing has taken him far beyond Texas. Each October, he heads to Holly Springs Motorsports Park in Mississippi for Trick or Treat, four days of pure grudge with no clocks, no shootouts, just cars lining up under the glow of track lights until midnight. Soon, he plans to add events like No Medication in South Carolina to his calendar. “You’ll see me around,” he says with a smile. “Always.”

Tony Coleman didn’t buy his legacy, he built it. Race by race. Engine by engine. Callout by callout. He’s taken on cars outside his class, promoted races out of his own pocket, and taught himself skills others paid shops to handle. His advice to the next generation is simple: “Do it yourself. Learn it all. You’ll appreciate it more. And you’ll race more. These days, if your tuner’s not at the track, some of these guys won’t even race. That ain’t how it used to be.”

In a sport full of big-money sponsors and internet fame, Tony is proof that the real ones don’t need to shout. They just show up. They get down. And they make sure you remember the name.

SHE'S ONLY TWENTY, BUT SHE'S BEEN CHASING SPEED FOR NEARLY HALF HER LIFE...

She's only twenty, but she's been chasing speed for nearly half her life; first on a dirt bike at thirteen, then in a Corvette that became too fast for its own safety. Now, in this car she built alongside her father, she's carving out her place in the unforgiving world of drag racing. This isn't just a workspace. It's the heart of a life built around horsepower, burnouts, and the endless chase for the next perfect pass.

"My mom and dad did it growing up," she says with a smile that's equal parts pride and nostalgia. It didn't start on four wheels, though, it started on two. At thirteen, she swung a leg over a dirt bike and rolled up to the starting line for the very first race. And in that first race, she didn't just hold her own, she won. Against real motorcycles. Against older, more experienced riders.

"I thought it was crazy," she recalls. "It was a bracket race, and I was just a kid... but I pulled it off."

Two years later, she traded the dirt for asphalt. There was a brief detour through the world of junior dragsters, a step plenty of young racers embrace, but she knew instantly it wasn't for her. "We didn't like it," she admits with a shrug, as if brushing off something that never felt like the right fit.

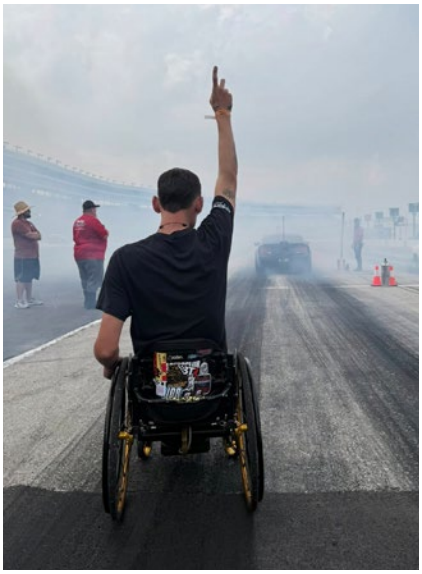
The turning point came when she slid into the seat of her Corvette. The first passes weren't wild, her dad had turned the car down to keep her safe, but in her mind, she was flying. "I thought I was the coolest person alive," she laughs. "It just felt... real." The Corvette wasn't just a car. It was a key, one that unlocked connections, possibilities, and the idea that maybe, just maybe, racing could be more than a family hobby.

She drove that car for three years before stepping into what she runs now, a 2006 S197 Mustang, housing a 427 with twin 79mm turbos, Frankenstein heads, and a Holley setup. "It was just a roller when we got it," she explains, running her hand over the car's clean lines. "It had never been raced, even though it was built years ago. Wolf Racecraft did the fab work, it's one of the first S197 cars they ever built. It's high-quality, really nice work."

Originally, the Mustang had an entirely different destiny. "It was supposed to have a diesel in it," she says, almost laughing at the thought. It belonged to Mike Wood, the owner of Nitrous Express. One day, after watching Lainey push the Corvette faster and faster, he pulled her dad aside. "He told me he wanted her in a safer car," her dad remembers. And just like that, the Mustang's story, and Lainey's, shifted into a whole new gear.

The Corvette had been a thrill, but everyone knew it was walking the line. Too much speed, not enough protection. "It didn't have a roll cage or anything like that," her dad says. "We both agreed we needed to safeguard her." That's when Mike Wood stepped in with the offer that changed everything: Put her in this car.

The "car" was the 2006 Mustang, just a bare roller at the time. No engine. No transmission. Just a solid chassis with promise. From that moment, Lainey and her dad threw themselves into the project, piece by piece. Nights in the garage turned into a ritual, bolting, unbolting, measuring, and building under the warm glare of fluorescent lights while the air carried the faint, constant smell of race fuel and metal shavings.



They hunted down the heart of the beast: a used but solid 427. “It was a really nice engine, but we tore it all the way down,” her dad recalls. “New rings, new bearings, the works.” They topped it with Frankenstein heads, raw power waiting to be unleashed, and set about building the rest themselves. Transmission, mounts, lines, everything came together on jack stands, one late-night wrenching session at a time.

Help came from the right people at the right moments. A talented hand named Justin Humphrey helped with the Holley EFI install and tuning, making sure every electronic nerve of the car was dialed in. The engine itself, originally built by KPE, went back to the same hands for a refresh. They machined it, tightened every tolerance, and sent it back ready to work, giving Lainey and her dad a platform built for both strength and longevity. “That’s one of the biggest keys to our success,” her dad says. “We started with good bones, and KPE gave us a really good platform to work from.”

Safety, though, was never an afterthought, it was the reason for the switch. The Mustang’s funny car cage wraps around Lainey like armor, built to withstand speeds far beyond her current runs. “If she ever does get into an accident, there’s just a lot of cage around her,” her dad says, tapping the bars with a kind of quiet reassurance only a parent can feel. The car is stable, balanced, and ready for whatever the track throws at it.

While the build was theirs, the maintenance has shifted to trusted hands. “I’m old and lazy,” her dad jokes, grinning. Now, Dakota at Dakota LSX handles most of the in between work. Based out of Fort Worth, Dakota has already proved his worth more than once, like the day Lainey spun the car around at over 100 miles an hour, sliding backwards down the track. The transmission didn’t take kindly to it, but Dakota put it back together, stronger than before. Or the time she blew the rear end apart, he had her back on the line within the week.

The way they talk about it, the Mustang isn't just a race car, it's a shared creation, a living thing they've brought to life together. And with every pass, every fix, every late-night garage session, Lainey isn't just racing, she's carving out a legacy in speed and the scent of burning rubber.

Ask Lainey what she loves most about racing, and her answer comes without hesitation. It isn't just the speed, though she's no stranger to it. It isn't even the wins, though she'll take those too. For her, it's the competition, the way it pushes her, sharpens her, and keeps her hungry.

But just as important, maybe even more so, is the community. "The people in the racing world are just awesome," she says, eyes lighting up. "They're so supportive. Over time, they really become like family."

In a sport that can chew you up and spit you out, that kind of support is everything. The long days in the pits, the high-fives in the staging lanes, the late-night phone calls about parts or setups, it all blends into a network that feels as much like home as any address on paper.

Still, racing as a young woman in a male-dominated sport comes with its own challenges. There are more female racers than there used to be, but the balance still tips heavily toward the guys. And sometimes, their first reaction isn't exactly respectful. "At first, I did feel pressure," she admits. "Like people would see me and think, she's not competition, but they didn't know who I was yet."

That used to bother her. Not anymore. Somewhere along the way, she stopped carrying the weight of other people's opinions. "It's definitely less stressful now," she says with a shrug. "I care less about the negative stuff. I know what I'm here to do, and I'm going to do it. Just give me a minute to show you."

And when she says it, it's not defiance, it's quiet certainty. The kind you only get from proving yourself, over and over again, in the unforgiving space between the starting line and the finish.

When you ask Lainey about her proudest moment in racing, she doesn't mention a trophy or a points championship. Instead, her eyes widen and she grins. "Probably the time Brent got me an invite to be on the Hoonigan This vs. That show," she says.

For a young racer from Wichita Falls, Texas, the chance to take her car to California and run on a show followed by millions was surreal. "It was crazy, it was such a cool time," she says. The concept was simple: pit two wild, fast machines against each other in a best-of-three showdown. In Lainey's case, it was her Mustang against a turbo Hayabusa motorcycle. "It's like... crazy thing versus another crazy thing," she laughs. The races took place not on a prepared dragstrip, but on an airport runway, a strip of asphalt that offered nowhere near the grip she was used to. Without the traction control they have now, her Mustang lit up the tires and did more of a burnout than a clean pass, but she still loved every second of it.

Not every lesson has been as fun. Early in her career, losing a race could turn her world inside out. "I used to throw fits," she admits. "If I lost, I'd throw my helmet or start screaming. I was very negative whenever I used to lose." Over time, though, she learned that the attitude you carry matters as much as the ET slip in your hand. "I've gotten a lot better about it," she says. "Now I can be happy even if I lose. It's just part of racing."

LAINEY ON SPONSORSHIPS

"Even if you think there's no way, just ask.

Lainey knows she hasn't gotten here alone. Her list of sponsors reads like a roll call of people who believe in her, Frankenstein Engine Dynamics, Armageddon Turbo Systems, Holley, Nitrous Express, Snow Performance, Sonnax Transmission, and Jeff with Thomas Racing Service. Each has played a role in keeping her competitive, whether it's supplying critical parts, helping with tuning, or making sure the car hooks on slick surfaces. "Once we put Jeff Thomas's long-travel struts on the front, it changed the game," her dad says. "We started winning a lot more on slick tracks."

She doesn't take that support lightly. "Sponsorship is huge," she says. "I would never have been able to fund a car like this without them." Her advice to younger racers looking for help? Don't count yourself out. "Even if you think there's no way, just ask. You might be surprised who says yes."

And while the companies matter, so do the people who show up for her at every turn. She talks about them with the same gratitude and warmth, Tom Gunner, who sharpened her reaction times by never letting her slack. Poland, who lines her up so precisely that anyone else makes her feel crooked. Brent, always ready to lend a hand. Dakota from Dakota LSX, who fixes whatever the track tries to break. Her mom. Her dad. Her boyfriend. Mike Wood, who put her in the Mustang to begin with. Justin, their tuner, whose expertise keeps the car alive. "I'm probably missing someone," she says, "but I'm so grateful for all of them."

That support shows in the moments before every pass. The ritual is simple, but it matters. She buckles in, the window net goes up, her dad pats her on the shoulder, and just before she rolls to the line, he leans down and kisses the top of the car. It's their good-luck seal. "Every time," she says, smiling.

When the fans cheer as she pulls up, she feels it in her chest. "It means everything," she says. "It's motivating, like, I can do this. It's a confidence booster every single time." To other young girls eyeing the racing world from the outside, she has a clear message: "You can do it. You're just as competitive as any man. And it's a proven fact girls have better reaction times."

As for inspiration, she circles back to Tom Gunner, the racer who once let her drive his car Magic, the fastest machine she'd ever sat in at the time. "That was the first truly fast car I'd ever been in," she remembers. "I went a five second pass my first time in it. It was awesome."

This season, she's got big dates circled. The invite only Bear Shit "Lil Gangstas" race, a nod to her growing reputation, and the Radial Roundup, which just so happens to fall on her 21st birthday. "That one's going to be a party," she says with a grin. "Michael Hollis and Barrett Green always put on a great race."

Ask her where she'd race if she could pick any track in the world, and Lainey doesn't name an exotic dragstrip on the other side

PHOTO CREDIT: MATT SUTHERLAND

of the globe. Instead, she picks one tied to her roots, Penwell Knights Raceway in Odessa, Texas. "Both my parents grew up in Odessa," she says. "They raced there when they were younger, so it's kind of a goal track for me. We just haven't made it there yet." The thought of rolling through the same lanes her parents once did clearly means more to her than the size of the crowd or the payout.

For now, fans can follow her journey on Facebook under her name, Lainey Abney, or on Instagram at @blondebullyracing. She shares race results, behind-the-scenes moments, and snapshots of life on and off the track.

Looking ahead, she's excited for what's next, lighter weight, more speed, and a calendar that includes traveling beyond her usual circuit. "We'd like to get to some of those really cool events that are a little further out," she says, mentioning big names like War In the Woods with a spark of anticipation. Whether it happens this year or next, she's got her sights set on expanding her map, chasing new challenges and fresh lanes to conquer.

EDITORS NOTE:

Some stories stay with you long after the recorder is turned off and the last question is asked. Lainey's is one of them. Maybe it's because she speaks about racing the way some people speak about home, rooted in family, built with late nights and calloused hands, and carried forward by the people who never stop showing up for you. Maybe it's because her journey is proof that skill and heart don't come with a certain age or a certain gender, they're built pass by pass, challenge by challenge.

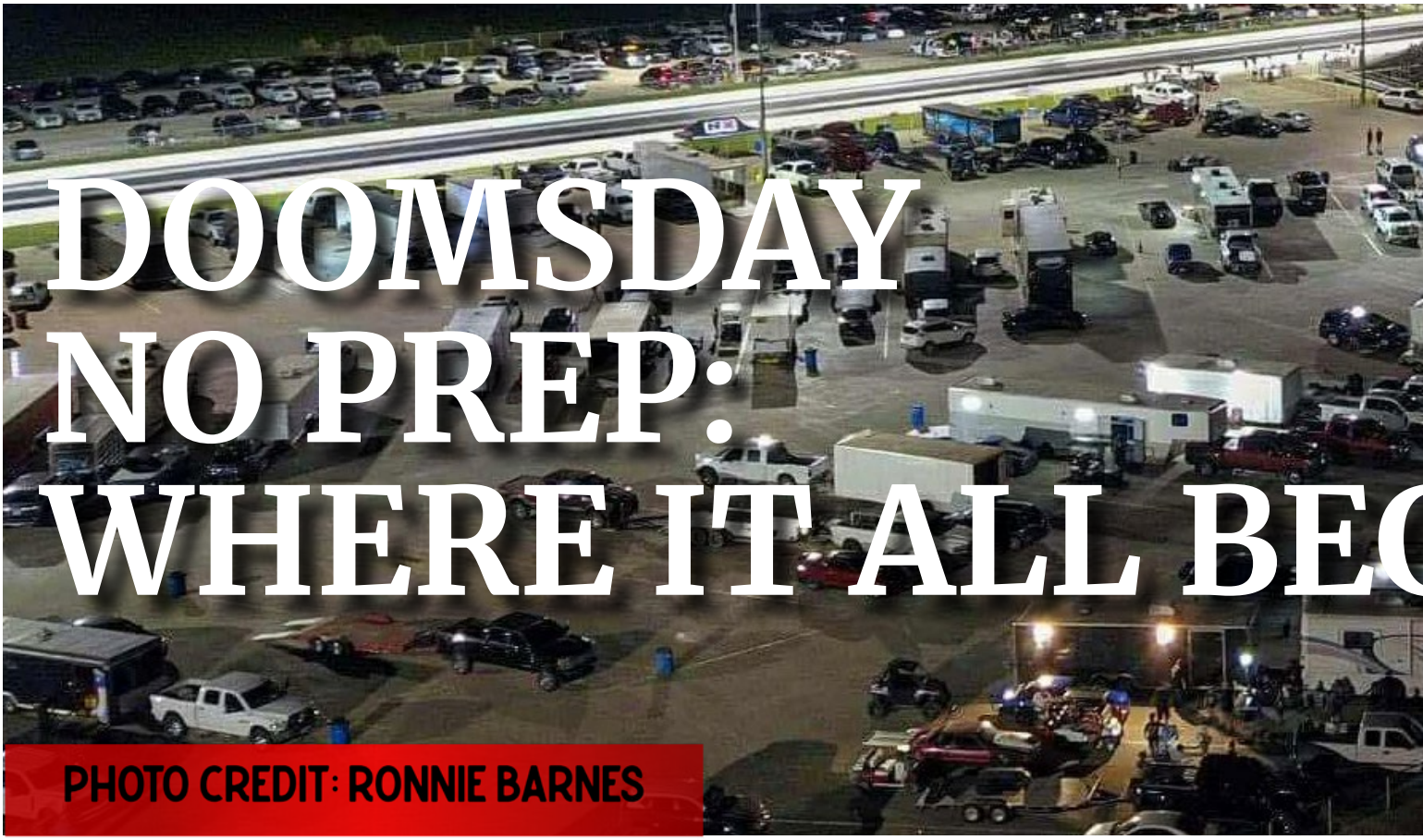
When you watch Lainey pull into the staging lanes, you're not just seeing a young racer with a fast car. You're seeing a lifetime of family history, mentors who believed in her before she believed in herself, and a community that has grown around her like a safety net. It's rare to find someone who carries both grit and grace in equal measure, but Lainey does.

This piece isn't just about horsepower or ET slips, it's about what happens when a dream is built by hand, backed by love, and chased with fearless determination.

Milissa Martini, The Fast Lane Collective

AD SPACE

AD SPACE



DOOMSDAY NO PREP: WHERE IT ALL BEG

PHOTO CREDIT: RONNIE BARNES

The other line connects, and before we even dive into talk about the race, there's that easy, familiar tone, the kind that happens when people have known each other long enough to finish each other's sentences. Michael Hollis and Barrett Green aren't just business partners for Doomsday Productions, they're old friends with a history rooted in a shared love for the sport.

"Alright," I say, settling in. "Before we get into Doomsday, let's start at the beginning. For anyone who doesn't already know, who are you guys and how did you get into racing?"

"My name's Michael Hollis," he starts, "I got into racing through my dad. My dad raced, my mom raced, it was just part of life. Pretty much my entire childhood was spent at the track. I got my first junior dragster when I was six."

"Alright, Barrett, your turn. How'd you get into this world?" I ask.

"My name's Barrett Green, and... honestly? I got into racing because I just liked working on cars," he says. "I started hanging out with people who were into street racing. I went to the street races before I ever went to the track."

Eventually, the track came calling. And when Barrett made the switch, he documented it. "I was a photographer for 660 Photos way back when. My wife and I both did it," he recalls. "Then I got into announcing, selling T-shirts... I've kind of done a little bit of everything at the track."

"How did you two meet?" I ask.

"Back around 2005-2006 there used to be this website," Michael starts, "DFW Street Scene ran by Limpy. This was back in the old forum days. We met on there, saw each other a couple times at car meets and street races, and just kind of hit it off. We realized we lived close to each other, and next thing you know, we're basically BFFs."

It's the kind of friendship that doesn't need explaining to anyone who's been part of a racing community, the kind where one weekend you're just another familiar face in the pits, and the next you're working side by side to make something happen.

This was before Doomsday was even an idea. Before the flyers, before the packed stands, it was just two guys in the middle of the Texas car scene: one raised at the track and the other shaped by

GAN

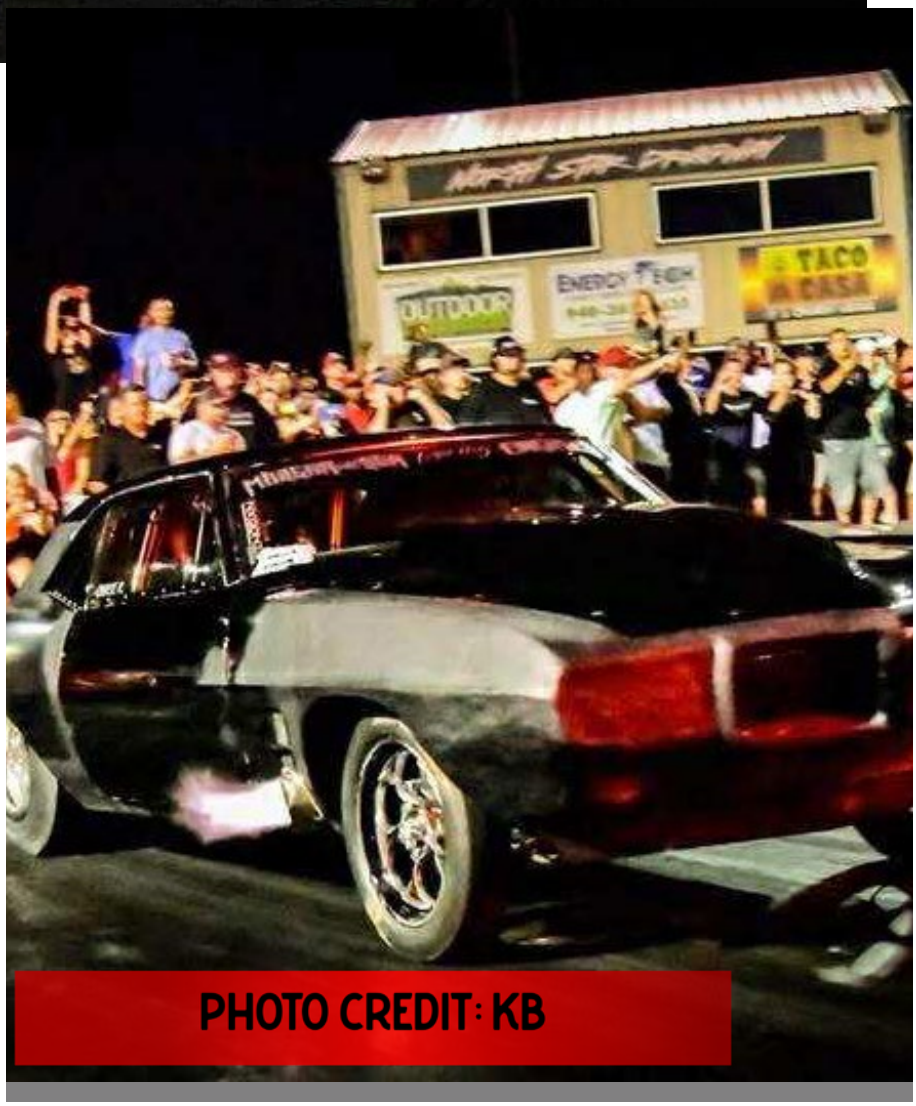


PHOTO CREDIT: KB

the streets building a friendship that would eventually set the stage for one of the most talked about no prep races in the state.

When I ask how they ended up building Doomsday Productions, Michael doesn't hesitate to roll the clock back.

"It all started in 2015," he says. "We were scheduled to go film Street Outlaws. Back then, Gene Nicodemus owned North Star Dragway. He was big into radial racing, and honestly, he had the best glue mix I'd ever seen. We were out testing one night for Cash Days on the street and planning to film that weekend."

It's easy to picture it: a quiet Texas back road on a Tuesday night, the rumble of engines breaking the stillness, headlights glowing in the dark, friends leaning over hoods, checking tire temps.

"Gene showed up just to hang out," Michael continues. "He brought us some glue to help with traction and wanted to do whatever he could for us. Then the cops rolled in...They took somebody to jail, Chris White a.k.a.'White Boy' and confiscated his car."

Random Tuesday night, middle of nowhere. Gene was blown away by it. He said, 'Man, y'all don't need to be out here like this. Come to my track. I won't charge you. No cops, no risk...just run.'"

The very next night, Michael and a few friends took him up on it. Barrett came too.
"Gene pulls us aside," Michael says, "and goes, 'You guys know these no prep racers way better than I do. I wish y'all would help me put on a race.'"

"We said sure, just to help out. Didn't even know we were getting paid. Then two days before the race, Gene calls and says, 'This thing's blowing up. Y'all might make some money.'" Michael says

adidas
XTREME
Pay To The Order Of
MEMO
OSTEEN FARMS

2020 • 2022
2023 • 2024
TACO CASA
660
DATE 8/15/25
DOLLARS
Xtreme Raceway Park
WILEY'S SPEED SHOP
ALL IN DESIGNS
BRS
NX
SMS
YDY
TEAM TIRE
FuelTech
STAR OF RACE

That first race, April 4, 2015, was a hit. By the time they were packing up that night, they'd already agreed to do two more.

"We've done as many as three no preps a year since then," Michael says. "Sometimes we pull back like in 2020 we took a break because there was a no prep somewhere every weekend. But last year, looking around, we realized the market had thinned out. So, we brought Doomsday to Xtreme Raceway Park. It worked. And now we figure once a year keeps it fresh, especially around here."

I ask Barrett to describe the atmosphere for someone who's never been.

"It's the kind of race you actually want to go to, whether you're a racer or just watching," he says. "Laid back. You don't have to be here on Wednesday to park. You're not paying crazy entry fees. You can decide Friday night or Saturday morning and still show up. The money's good. We push the race through, so it doesn't drag on all night. Everybody knows everybody. It's just one of those events where you feel like you belong the second you roll in."

Michael shifts the focus to one of his favorite parts of Doomsday, giving the juniors their moment.

"This year we've got $500 on top for the kids Friday and Saturday. That's huge for them. I was one of those kids. My heroes were Frankie Taylor, Gaylen Smith, guys who were cool to me when I was little. I still remember that. Last year at Radial Roundup, a little girl won juniors and asked me to be in her winner's circle photo. That meant a lot. We're big believers in the future of the sport being the kids. We even added a Power Wheels race this weekend."

Barret adds, "A lot of big-car guys have kids in juniors, but at most races there's nothing for them to run. Here, we make sure they can race too. Families don't have to choose between the kids' event and the main show; they can do both. It's better for everyone."

Next, I asked Barrett to break down the Friday night show:

"Look, there's classes you see every weekend," he says, "but we wanted Friday to feel different. That's where 750 Madness comes in. It's anything goes on a small tire. Trucks can run it. You can bring your full-size, your S10, whatever you've got that fits. The goal? Give people something they want to jump into."

Then there's Quick Street, a home for the in-between crowd. "You've got guys who are fast but not running 5.30s. Cheap Street feels a little slow for them. Quick Street runs 5.60 to 5.90, still quick for a street-style index. We don't want people having to pick one class and one day. Run Friday night, run again Saturday. Two chances at money instead of one. That's worth the trip."

Barrett's voice picks up. "If you can race multiple days, you want to come. Otherwise, you go out Saturday first round and it feels like a wasted trip. This way? You've got a backup plan and maybe double the payout."

Michael laughs when I mention the 750 Tailgate. "Yeah, Roddy's safe this weekend. I'm not in Jeff's truck," he says.

Then he explains the vibe. "It's open to anything full-size or S10, small tire only, 315 or smaller and it's footbrake only. Real similar to the truck classes that are huge in Houston. We've got guys coming down from Oklahoma, up from Houston. It's gonna be good."

And the 'tailgate' name? It's not just for show. Barrett adds "If you can sit on it, it's a tailgate. We've had station wagons with the tailgate flipped down. It just opens the door for more people to run. Makes it more fun. Gives you something you won't see at every race."

When I ask who's on their radar for Small Tire, Hollis chuckles "That's the funny part. A lot of the guys who are coming don't want anyone to know they're coming. So, you're going to get surprises."

"Sure, the racers know who to expect, but the flyers? The lock-ins? Some of

them skip it completely so they can roll in quiet." Barrett adds

Michael agrees, "I think Small Tire's going to catch people off guard. Some hitters are coming in under the radar."

When I bring up the post, they made earlier that morning about being the last chance for a chance in Bear Shit Only for the Lil Gangstas, Barrett answers. "Yeah, this is it. The last chance to lock in a spot for Lil Gangstas in Bear Shit Only," he says. "Last weekend was already big. This weekend? It's gonna be bigger. We're closer to a lot of racers, so the turnout's just naturally going to grow. Some of the hitters sat out last weekend on purpose doing last-minute work on their cars and tuning for Doomsday. But I'll tell you this, whoever wins Lil Gangstas Saturday will get a Bear Shit spot. One hundred percent."

"Wouldn't surprise me to see 50 cars in that class. And if that happens, that's a show all by itself." Michael adds. Then he pivots to a class with more of a personal tie. "I started Cheap Street because I needed somewhere to run my S10. There's a lot of street-style small tire cars that don't fit in the regular bracket racer 7.0 index stuff. So, we made it 6.45 to 6.95 and here's the twist, we draw the index the day of the race. Most of the time you get one test hit, but this weekend? It's straight off the trailer."

"And then we've got Modern Muscle," Barrett says. "HPP Racing helped us put together the rule set, 2010 and newer cars, some interior and tire rules, but the idea's simple. You've got these daily driver-type builds. They're quick, but they don't want to run against a stripped-down, featherweight Mustang that's hundreds of pounds lighter. This class gives them a fair fight."

It's also a crowd pleaser. "The fans see these cars and think, 'That's like mine.' It sparks that itch, 'What if I bolted on a turbo and came back next year?' It's a gateway drug class," Barrett laughs.

"This weekend's the first time we've opened it up with a full rule set instead of invite-only. We don't know exactly who's rolling in, but I'm hoping for a strong count. When it's good, it's fun to watch." Michael nods. "It's new territory for us, but that's part of the fun. With the new rules, we'll see how it plays out. I'd love to see it fill the lanes. It's a class that could really grow if people give it a shot."

When asked about the flyer contest Hollis says, "Yeah, that's our little game this week. Make your lock-in flyer, set it as your profile picture, and you might win free entry."

When I ask about the work fans never see, Michael says, "Promoting a race is just like racing a car: you win it in the shop. My buddy, tuner Billy Stocklin, always says how prepared you are when you leave the shop decides how your weekend goes. Same here. We don't just roll in on race day and hope for the best. We've got chips ready for the draw. Packets ready with tech cards. A full game plan for who's doing what. Because once you're at the track, something will come up, always does, and if you're scrambling for basics, you're sunk. Being prepared is one of our strongest points."

That preparation isn't a one and done thing, it's weeks in the making. "We've been meeting three hours every Monday night for weeks now," Barrett says. "We have dinner, shoot the shit, run down our lists, check in on people. Usually, the first meeting is the game plan, you take this group, I'll take that group. And then we balance it out, we know what we want to do, but we also ask the audience what they want to see. Somewhere between those two lines is where the sweet spot is. That's how you build a race that racers want to run, and fans want to watch."

Preparation may be serious, but the public side of it is anything but. "Mondays with Mikey and Woo" started as a casual live feed. Now? It's a full-blown ritual." Barrett says.

"Some people have studio setups, high-end mics, professional lighting," Michael adds. "We've got... well... us. Half the time, we've had a couple drinks, and it just turns into a roast session. Last night we had 24,000 people watching, for about 20 minutes straight. People tune in because it's real. It's not polished. We're not putting on an act. I think that's why people support us. They know us. They've sat with us on a live feed and felt like they were in the car with us. And we try to give that back; we support our people the same way they support us. If a friend's got a business, I'm gonna back them. Same goes for folks who've got our back."

"For us," Michael says, "it's not just the race, it's the people. The friendships. That's why we do it. I'm big on family. And I learned a long time ago; family isn't just blood. For me, my friends are my racetrack family. Every one of them. So, when we put on a race like Doomsday, part of the motivation is, 'Let's get everyone together.' There's people I haven't seen in months, guys coming in from out of state, friends who haven't raced in a year. It's as much a reunion as it is a race."

I ask Barret to imagine a guy sitting at home on Saturday night, planning to watch the live feed instead of driving to the track. His answer comes quick. "If you're local and you can make it, you have no excuse. Clear your schedule, grab your friends, and get here. You're not going to get the smell of fuel, the sound of a burnout,

NITROUS EX
BITCH I'M FROM TEXAS

XPRESS

the energy of the crowd from a couch. And yeah, don't get in a fight with the old lady over it," he laughs, "but once you see that first burnout, once you hear those engines, you'll be glad you came.

They even have half-price margaritas if you hang around long enough, and an Extreme Queso Burger that's a lot better than whatever bologna sandwich you'd be eating at home. It's $25 to get in, $10 more if you want to park on the pit side. We start racing at 7, so you've got all day to do your chores before you head out. And I promise, you'll leave thinking, 'Man, I wish I'd been coming to this for years. We run a tight program. Nobody wants to be there until the middle of the night. We keep it moving so fans and racers can enjoy themselves without feeling worn out."

Doomsday doesn't happen without help, and they're quick to give credit where it's due. "Nitrous Express, Metro Pool Chemical, Inc., Search Tuners, Pro-Tec Inspection Inc, Lone Star Equipment Pros, Ray's Affordable Auto, Aftermath Racing and Performance , HPP Racing, Michael Hawes Racing, Paulies Performance Plus, Phunky Street Designs, Geer & Sons Total Turf Care, JustA2V Racing on YouTube, Loyalty Contracting & Restoration LLC, RCS Motorsports, Greg Naughton Tuning Services, Dalton Lloyd, Raska Motorsports, Hicks Off-Road, Billy Kruck, Nonstop auto shop and 820 Performance," Michael lists off. "And we've had people step up on the live feed to sponsor the juniors, huge thanks to them as well."

For anyone on the fence, updates are just a click away. "Your best bet is my personal Facebook page," Michael says, "or the Doomsday No Prep Shootout event page. We post everything, lock-ins, class updates, schedules, so you can know exactly what's going down before you roll in."

Barrett adds, "Jennifer posts the draws for every single round as they happen. She's great about keeping both the page and the event updated. We'll also have a WhatsApp chat going. We'll post the link online and have info at the track so you can sign up there too."

Before we wrap, the conversation drifts into a little friendly ribbing.

"I went one more round than Michael in Lil Gangstas on Friday night," Barrett says with a grin.
"Oh calm down," Michael fires back.
They both laugh, the kind of easy back-and-forth that's as much a part of Doomsday as the smell of burnt rubber.

And that's the thing about talking to Michael and Barrett, you come away realizing that Doomsday isn't just a race. It's a reunion. It's competition with a side of inside jokes. It's two friends building something they'd want to race in, watch, and hang out at themselves.

ADVERTISE HERE!

THIS SPACE AVAILABLE

EMAIL
SALES@FASTLANEPROMO.COM
TODAY!

NITROUS
OUTLET

BULLPEN
BBQ
LSfest.com
TEXAS
CASH FLOW

ROCKY MOU

NTAIN RACE WEEK
235
ROCKERS POWER

HJC
HELMETS
APC SHELL

SEXXY

RED

HONKEYLICIOUS

TEXAS
VXP 2388
The Lone Star State

936W
Alex's Z

SS

007
LG
FIFTY

SHADES of BROWN

SS
TEXAS
FYV 240

SEPTEMBER 4-6, 2025

BIG JA PROMOTI

SOUTH NO NATIO

BEAR ON

INVITATIONAL

XTREME RACEWAY PARK
1800 S INTERSTATE 45 SERVICE R
FERRIS, TX 75125

$30 PER DAY – $30 TECH CARD PER DAY – $30 PIT SIDE PARKING PER DAY
$50 PER DAY FOR RVS & TRAVEL TRAILERS NOT ATTACHED TO A CAR TRAILER (PIT & SPECTATOR)
FREE PARKING ON THE SPECTATOR SIDE
NO REFUNDS OR RAIN CHECKS
BIG JAKE: 214-498-7393

LIVE FEED PROVIDED BY:

BEAR SHI

NO TIME CARS ONLY(NO TIME
$2500 TO ENTER - $40,0

$200

BEAR SHIT ASAG

NO TIME CARS ONLY(NO TIMES SHOWN CALENDAR YEAR)
$2500 TO ENTER - $10,000 ON TOP

lil gangstas

BEAR SHIT LIL GANGST

- 5.30 INDEX.
- 32 CARS/TRUCKS
- 28X10.5 NON-W OR 275/60/15 OR SMALLER UNLESS EQUIPPED FROM THE FACTORY ON 17 IN RIM
- MUST BE A DOOR CAR
- NO WHEELIE BARS/THROTTLE STOPS/DELAY BOXES.
- NO TIME SLIPS $500 BUY-IN

SATU

28/275 SHOOTOUT - $10,000 TO WIN

FREE ENTRY - CLASS CARS WELCOME

275 OR 28W OR SMALLER
ANY POWER ADDER ANY CHASSIS
CLASS CARS ARE WELCOME

ASAG SHOOTOU

FREE ENTRY

NO CLASS CARS
LEXAN FRONT & REAR OK
2755 OR 28S OR SMALLER LADDER BAR & 4-LINKS OK
ANY POWER ADDER
NO WHEELIE BARS
STEEL DOORS REQUIRED UNLESS FACTORY REAL SIDE GLASS W
NO MOLDED 1PC CF/FB FRONT ENDS ALLOWED AT ALL
STEEL FENDERS REQUIRED UNLESS FACTORY

ERN 8
TIME
ONALS
SHOOTOUT
T 28/275
S SHOWN CALENDAR YEAR)
00 ON TOP OF ENTRIES
,000 To Win
$50,000 To Win
A'S $25,000 To Win
OR BIGGER.
R DAY
T - $10,000 TO WIN
WINDOWS REQUIRED
OUTLAW STREET - $5,000 TO WIN
FREE ENTRY
NO CLASS CARS
BOOSTED BIG BLOCKS 9.8 DECK HEIGHT MAX(NO BILLET HEADS OR BLOCKS) 3200LBS
NO ALL BILLET BOOSTED SMALL BLOCKS(HEADS OR BLOCKS ONLY NOT BOTH)
BBINOS 5IN BORE SPACE OR SMALLER
WORKING HEAD & TAIL LIGHTS
FACTORY FLOORS REQUIRED
FACTORY FIREWALL REQUIRED
FACTORY APPEARING DASHBOARD REQUIRED(FIBERGLASS OR CARBON OK)
REAL "SIDE" GLASS WINDOWS(1/4 GLASS ALSO) REQUIRED
NO 1PC CF/FG FRONT END (STEEL/"FACTORY" FENDERS REQUIRED)
NO CF/FG DOORS (UNLESS FACTORY)
STEEL DOORS REQUIRED
2 FRONT SEATS REQUIRED
NO WHEELIE BARS
LADDER BARS & 4 LINKS OK
NO FULL CHASSIS CARS
NO FORWARD FACING SCOOPS
275 OR 28IN SLICKS (NO WS)
NITROUS OUTLET
ELECTRIC, INC
BC COMPANIES
QUARTER-MAX RACING
BRYSON MOTORSPORTS
TITANIUM PRODUCTS
J&J TAYLOR TORSPORT
BAILEY RACING
HORMONE LOGICS
COYOTE ARMS

PRE-STAGE
STAGE
ACCUTIME
TRACK STAFF
ORDER HERE

TRACK STAFF
Titties and

OUTLAW

RØDE

Z/28

INDUCTION
SOLUTIONS

BIG JAKE
PROMOTIONS